

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

NINA, OR THE MANIAC OF VILLENEUVE.

In the beautiful valley of Villeneuve, resided the families of St. Bernard and Valois, the two daughters of which, Euphelia and Nina, were inseparable friends. The first, Mademoiselle St. Bernard, possessed that masculine style of beauty, which commands admiration; her majestic form and lofty air had well become the goddess of the chase; while the gentle Nina scarcely reached the middle size, and formed with the most delicate symmetry, contrasted her friend in every point. Such was Nina Valois, and such on a bright morning in June, she fondly and anxiously expected the arrival of her lover, Florian St. Bernard, the brother of her friend. He was an officer in the service of the king of Naples, and though young and new to the path of fame, an aspirant to its proudest glories. He loved Nina with passionate fondness, who met his love with a corresponding ardour; her wild and artless spirit knew not the shackles of cold etiquette and prescribed rules, and her smiling lips and sparkling eyes, were the types of her happy and buoyant heart. Seated at the window of the Chateau de St. Bernard, Nina and Euphelia, watched and waited the expected cavalcade. At length the martial music rose upon their ear, and shortly the waving colours became more distinct; the parish bells were pealing in joyous concord, and the rustic inhabitants, habited in their gayest attire, were every where seen in groups engaged in busy converse. As the march approached, Nina's young heart beat to suffocation: one moment she threw herself into the arms of Euphelia, and the next she leaned as far as possible from the window to catch a view of Florian. The nearer roll of the drum, told every step of their advance, and at length with the air with which a knight of chivalry would have couched his lance and saluted his mistress, did the young soldier ride under their window. Nina would have flown from the room to meet him, but Euphelia checked her, and in the next minute the transported Florian clasped her to his bosom. "Who," exclaimed he in an energetic burst of feeling, "is so proudly happy! so purely blest as I am!" Accompanied by Nina and Euphelia, he proceeded immediately to the house of Monsieur Valois, who, independent of the sanction he gave the loves of Florian and Nina, had acted as guardian to the orphan of St. Bernard.

The old man received him with pleasure; and happiness, pure as that in Paradise ere sin was known, reigned through the little circle. It was not, however, destined to continue. Count Lorenzo, Florian's general officer, a man of high birth and immense wealth, had been struck by the enchanting beauty of Nina as she passed leaning on her lover's arm, when proceeding to her father's. Beautiful at all times, but doubly so then, when animated with all the bril-

liancy of recent and unsubsidied rapture, he gazed on her with an admiration beyond the power of language: and the same evening, while the unconscious Nina was wandering with her lover and his sister through the romantic scenery that skirted their habitation, the Count waited on Monsieur Valois to ask his daughter's hand. The dazzling prospect of rank, fortune, and splendour, banished every other object from the view of the ambitious and avaricious father: happiness and honour were immolated at the altar of interest, and the Count's offer accepted. But conscious iniquity made him shun the young people on their return, and they retired to their respective homes to indulge the happy dreams the morning was to dissipate.

Florian and Euphelia were at the mansion of Valois, ere its cruel master had risen. Nina had joined them, and when at length he entered like scowling discord among beings of a brighter sphere, they felt a shudder of apprehension. The ill-fated Florian had resolved this morning to entreat for the immediate union of himself and Nina, but felt an undefinable oppression of heart which made him hesitate; a few moments served to conquer it, and he preferred his request.

The thunderbolt which strikes the traveller all but a corpse to the earth, was less appalling than the cold determinate refusal pronounced by the lips of Valois. For a moment the young lovers stood as if transfixed to the spot, the next they mutually rushed to his feet and implored his mercy. Appeal was vain, his purpose fixed.—Nina was commanded to receive the count Lorenzo as her husband. Florian was paralyzed to find a rival in his superior officer, the implacability of whose character, and the violence of whose passions, he well knew. Striking his forehead, and casting his hands to heaven, he was rushing from the room, when turning to Nina they flew impetuously into each other's arms. The enraged Valois with difficulty separated them, when Florian darted from the room, just as his sister caught the sinking form of Nina. Every effort to restore her was long fruitless, at length she breathed a deep sigh and opened her eyes;—she raised herself, and looked wildly round her as if anxious to recollect what had passed, when a rustic of the village rushed into the apartment calling assistance, and declaring that Florian had thrown himself from a window of the chateau into the lake. Nina listened with fixed attention, then clasping her hands, with a piercing shriek fell prostrate on the floor; her father raised her, while the distracted Euphelia followed the man who brought the alarm, to succour, and if possible to save her unhappy brother.

The feelings which are most alive to love and rapture, are most open to the opposite transports of madness and despair; thus Nina, whose young life had been a continued scene of all the soft affections and innocent delights of human existence, yielded that reason which had been so little exercised. The brilliancy of imagination that once gave lustre to her beauty, now increased the horrors of her despair. But the equity of heaven seemed to ordain her madness as a punishment to her inhuman father; for on his approach, during the first paroxysm of her derangement, she would shriek and

cover her eyes with her hands. After a time her madness lost its frantic character, and seemed subsiding into a settled melancholy except for the occasional burst of a wild but broken spirit. Her noble and fatal lover, spared no expense in efforts to effect her cure, or promote her comfort; two young and lovely women were placed in immediate attendance on her person, independent of other subordinate servants, and all that art or nature could yield was produced to give her pleasure. But these efforts to repair the mischief he had made, had seldom much effect, and the first evidence she gave of sanity was on hearing the voice of Euphelia. "Dear Nina," cried her friend on approaching her,—the lovely maniac started, as if a gleam of recollection darted through her brain; Euphelia spoke, and she twisted her hands in her disordered hair with increasing perplexity; but still, though gazing on that face once so loved and known, she evinced no power of recognition. Euphelia wept, but wisely forbore any violent experiments; and trusting to heaven and time, she withdrew to indulge her wounded feeling. At their next meeting she tried more strongly to revive the recollections of the unfortunate Nina; but nothing produced any effect till Euphelia touched a ribbon, which hung round Nina's neck, and to which was suspended a locket containing Florian's hair: at this she evinced great displeasure, and removed to a distance from her friend, who alarmed at this mark of hostility, tried the experiment she had intended not to have immediately made. Seating herself at the harp, she touched its chords to the faintest yet sweetest melody, a melody which Florian loved.—This awakened all the tenderest feelings of her soul; and now weeping, now laughing she lavished her caresses on Euphelia, who from this period she loved with the wildest fondness, and seemed never happy without her. Yet still the spark of reason seemed extinguished, even at the very moment that memory exerted her strongest powers. And Euphelia had little to hope but from the influence she had obtained over the disordered mind of Nina. She led her through all her favourite walks, she sung to her all her favourite songs, and she drew the happiest presages from the pleasure they evidently imparted.

Thus passed several months, and nothing was heard or known of Florian, excepting that he had been snatched from a watery grave, and had been removed by the order of the superior from Villeneuve. Whether he had fallen a victim to war or the violence of his own feelings, was left to conjecture. At length the duties of his station called the Count away. Yet still not giving up all hopes of seeing Nina restored to reason, he promised a speedy return, and made arrangements to secure her all the insignia of her destined rank, and all the comforts necessary to her unhappy state.

Time again flowed on as usual after the Count's departure, without effecting any change in Nina's disorder; when in the revivement of a few months, his intention of returning was announced, and preparations commenced for his reception. The day at length arrived, and all was expectation among the many, to whom his residence at Villeneuve con-

ferred both honour and profit: but to Euphelia it brought nothing but renewed anguish. She viewed him as the serpent who had despoiled their paradise of its bliss, who had murdered her brother, and destroyed her friend; and even to Monsieur Valois it brought nothing but reproach and remorse; for to his own cupidity and perfidy his conscience told him, all the sorrows of his child and the gallant Florian were to be traced.

The day passed, and no tidings of the Count arrived; another and another followed, and still he came not. On the fourth, just as the last glimmering of daylight faded from the horizon, a horseman rode through Villeneuve, and alighted at the door of M. Valois. That gentleman was seated with Nina and Euphelia, having succeeded in reconciling himself somewhat to the former, and understanding that the stranger brought letters from the Count, he desired him to be ushered in. The partial light in the apartment, in which candles were not yet a light, merely served to show, that the person who entered wore an officer's uniform. M. Valois desired him to be seated, and rung for light; and then addressed the stranger with a salutation to which he merely bowed in silence. The interval ere the light was brought was brief; but the mysterious and distressing silence that prevailed, crowded an age of conjecture into those few moments, and all eyes were turned to the stranger, the moment they were enabled to distinguish his countenance. Ere a word could be uttered, with a perception quick as the lightning's flash, Nina recognised her lover, the long-lost Florian! and with a piercing shriek, she would have fallen at his feet, had not his extended arms received her. It was long ere she gave evidence of returning life, and then Florian resigning her to his sister, withdrew from sight. "I thought," she cried after a moment's pause, "that I saw Florian!" "And so you did, my love," replied her friend. "Oh! no," she cried "I have often thought so before, but it has always proved a vision." There was a calm sanity in her manner of expression, which woke the brightest hopes in the bosoms of her friend and father. "Would you wish to see him again?" cried Euphelia. "Would it were possible!" sighed Nina. At this instant she suddenly rose, and turned to where Monsieur Valois was restraining the impetuous Florian. She started, but gazed upon him as if she believed it still but a delusion, such as had so often cheated her before, till quitting her father's grasp, he threw himself at her feet. "Nina! beloved and blessed Nina! wilt thou not receive me?" He took her hand, and pressed it fervently to his lips. She smiled like a being in a delightful dream; she pressed his hands in hers, to assure herself he was not a shadow; then bending she examined every feature of his face, laid her hand on his forehead, touched his hair, and at length clasping her hands, ejaculated, "It is himself! it is himself!" A moment she hung on the bosom of her transported lover; then next she rushed into the arms of her father and Euphelia, and reason, which had so long lain dormant, rekindled in all its pristine lustre. Monsieur Valois joined the hands of Florian and Nina ere he would receive a word of explanation, and having blessed

them, he seated himself to listen to the account which Florian briefly gave.

When Florian had been snatched from death, and removed from Villeneuve, immediately on his recovery he was ordered to a distant station; and there cut off from all means of information respecting home, he looked for death as the only release he could expect. A twelvemonth had been nearly languished away in despondency and despair, when he suddenly received a summons to attend the Count. He found him in bed, and it was with difficulty his servants raised him in it; he then motioned them to retire, and bade Florian take a seat at his bedside. "I have done you wrong, St. Bernard," cried the dying man in a hollow voice, "and I would make what reparation is yet in my power. There is a deed will put you in possession of that part of my fortune which I am able to bestow; it will enable you to quit your profession, and devote yourself to your beautiful and ill-fated Nina. The light of whose reason is, I fear, quenched for ever! When you behold her, you will curse me. Go! here are letters to her father. Farewell for ever! Do not linger, your presence is painful to me. You cannot aid, but you can agonize me!" That night the Count expired, and the next morning Florian quitted the camp for Villeneuve.

The sequel is so obvious, that its mention need but be brief. It will be readily imagined, that the loves of Nina and Florian caught additional strength from their misfortunes, and that on the morning that saw them united,

*Joy was in every face without a cloud,
As in the scene of opening Paradise.
The whole creation danced at their new being.
Pleased to be what they were, pleased with each other.*

CLORA AND LEONTINE.

Some time since, a country gentleman of good understanding, but a little antiquated in his dress and deportment, walked into the quadrangle of a college, in one of our universities, to view the building. His uncouth garb soon drew round him several of the young students; who, as they were apt to misplace their wit, as well as their time and money, began to banter the good old gentleman, on account of his dress.

Leontine, a young student of gentler manners, who happened to be reading at one of the windows, perceived the old gentleman's embarrassment, and came down to his relief. He rallied his brother students most severely on the part they were acting; but in a manner, and with a grace, which bespoke the man of sense and politeness. He told them that their behaviour was not only base, rude, and ungenerous, but mean and unmanly, in the highest degree; and that he was absolutely ashamed of any of his associates should be so scandalously depraved: that, if they considered themselves either as scholars, or gentlemen, they should act consistently with those characters; but, if they preferred being considered as buffoons, to the character of gentlemen, they had better change their gowns for party-coloured jackets. In short his remonstrances dispersed most of these inconsiderate young men, who seemed heartily ashamed of their conduct: for virtue will ever be secretly esteemed and admired, even by the most abandoned. Leontine then took the stranger by the hand, and begged that he would refresh himself with a glass of wine; entreating him not to take any bad impression of that university, from the rude sample he had received. The old gentleman, without any hesitation, accepted of Leontine's invitation; and after he was sufficiently refreshed, the youth shewed him every thing worthy of notice in the university. By the observations and reflections which Acasto made—for so it will be proper to call the old gentleman—Leontine soon discovered, that he was a man of exquisite taste and judgment, and of a generous,

cheerful disposition. What he had of the old man about him, appeared rather as a foil to set off his other excellent qualities; and, notwithstanding the great disparity in their ages, Leontine thought himself happy in such an acquaintance. The town being at that time remarkably full, and the accommodations at the inns very indifferent, Leontine entreated Acasto to make use of his apartment, while he stayed at the university; assuring him that it would not be the slightest inconvenience, as he had the liberty of a fellow-student's room who was then absent. Little ceremony should be used between persons of sense and good-breeding; for the business of politeness is to render us agreeable, not troublesome, to each other: Acasto, therefore, after some little hesitation, handsomely accepted the offer.

When he left the university, he embraced Leontine, and gave him a strong invitation to his house, situated in a remote country: this request was soon after repeated in a letter, attended by a respectful present. Leontine, the next vacation, returned the old gentleman's visit; and was received with all the tender tokens of friendship and esteem. At his first entrance, he was struck with the splendour and magnificence of the house, the furniture, and the attendants; and had the pleasure to find, that his friend was a man of much greater consequence than he could have imagined. When Acasto had conversed some little time with Leontine, giving him several most complacent looks, and cordial shakes of the hand, he introduced him to his daughter; who was, indeed, a beauty inferior to none in that part of the country.

After dinner they took a turn in the garden, where Leontine was surprised to see how greatly the hand of nature had been improved by that of art. That every thing might wear the face of nature all exotics were excluded, to make room for plants of our own growth; the thorn, the hazel, and even the bramble, had their places among the rest. There was a delightful and just irregularity in the trees; some of which proudly towered their tops to the clouds; while others submitted to their superiors, and bowed themselves beneath the lofty branches. His statues were not placed at the extremities of the avenues, or to terminate long walks, but judiciously concealed among the trees and underwoods; and thus, by endeavouring, as it were, to hide his riches, Acasto made every thing appear more agreeable, more elegant, and more splendid. Through the trees loaded with pippins and pears, Pomona was barely discoverable; Flora had concealed herself in a large bush of roses, jessamine and honey suckles, surrounded by tulips, pinks, and carnations; Sylvanus appeared retired into a thicket of trees; and Diana duly respecting her characteristic chastity, was clothed so thick with surrounding shrubs, as scarcely to be perceived; while Bacchus seemed gaily to rejoice under the luxuriant foliage of his favourite vine.

In the middle of the garden was a sort of thicket, or wilderness, of trees and shrubs; where Acasto, at the request of Clora, who was his only child, had erected a little hovel in the form of a ruined cottage. The inside was ceiled with moss, and the outside over run with a thick ivy, which afforded a safe asylum for the birds; especially those of the smaller species, who frequented this delightful spot in great numbers. They were, indeed, the only inhabitants of the place, the young lady herself excepted; who spent great part of her time with them, and had, by continually feeding her sweet pensioners, taught them to hop with the most enchanting confidence around her. Kindness and constancy, indeed, will tame the fiercest animals; and it is, perhaps, owing to our cruelty,

that we are abandoned by many of the most innocent and agreeable companions.

While Leontine was admiring the rusticity of the hovel, and the harmony of the birds, Clora reached an ivory flageolet, and played several short melodies; which, to Leontine's astonishment, were repeated by several bullfinches, and imitated by other birds. It was impossible to enter this retirement, without being charmed; and, particularly with the divine Clora, who had the art of making every thing more agreeable. Leontine, the first moment he beheld her, was struck with admiration; which her good sense, and engaging behaviour, soon converted into an ardent affection. The youth, however, endeavoured to conceal his love; till he had reason to believe, from the manner in which she entertained him, and her general deportment, that her own heart was precisely in the same situation.

There are certain indelible characters in every visage, which, when compared with the actions of the party, will to a nicety discover the sentiments of the heart; for, as a certain great general and politician observes, it is much easier for a man to command a large army, than the muscles of his own face. A lady of Clora's good sense, therefore, must undoubtedly have drawn the same conclusions of her lover as he had of her. Leontine's honour, and the friendship he bore to her father, would not permit him to make any advances, without the certainty of obtaining his consent; which he would have readily asked, but was still intimidated by the inequality of their fortunes. A man of sense is never so much at a loss for words, as when he is really in love. Acasto, however, was a person of too much good sense and penetration not to perceive, from his manner, and the frequent pauses in his conversation, that something of this sort was labouring in his breast; and to relieve his perplexity, and save him the pain of a blush, the old gentleman kindly asked, if any thing that he possessed could make him happy, generously bidding him answer, without ceremony or reserve. Leontine lost not this opportunity to unbosom himself; and the good old Acasto, without making any reply, led him by the hand to Clora. She was then in the garden; and the old gentleman, saluting her, said—"My dear child, this is the only gentleman in the world to whom I am ambitious of being related; and, if you can approve of him for a husband, it will greatly add to my felicity." Then turning short, he left them together.

The blunt manner in which Acasto made this proposal to his daughter, though it proceeded from extreme candour and generosity, and was merely the result of his friendship and good nature, induced Clora to entertain apprehensions that this courtship had been concerted between her father and Leontine, at their last interview; and that the young gentleman's passion arose less from a consideration of her personal merit, than of her abundant fortune. She was therefore determined to satisfy her scruples in this respect, before she gave Leontine the smallest encouragement; and though they walked together nearly an hour, she replied not to any of his affectionate expressions, but seemed inattentive and melancholy.

Before they quitted the garden, on his earnestly entreating to know the cause of her reserve, she fell suddenly on her knees, and conjured him, if he had any regard for her future welfare, not to oppress her by farther solicitation; adding, that her refusal proceeded not from any dislike to his person or character, but arose from a prior engagement, with which her father was unacquainted, to a young gentleman who had visited in the neighbourhood, and who was then in London.

This was the severest shock Leontine

had ever felt! for a few moments he stood motionless, and was unable to make any reply; at length, summoning all his fortitude, reinforced by every sentiment of honour and generosity, he assured her, the tears bursting from his eyes, that whatever fate might await him, his affections for her, and his friendship for her good father, would not suffer him to persist in any thing which might be capable of producing her a single moment's uneasiness; and that he would not only decline his own hopeless suit, but endeavour to obtain the consent of her noble parent for the union, which appeared so essential to her happiness, however destructive of his own.

From this period, Leontine grew pensive and melancholy; but he forgot not his promises to Clora. Having obtained Acasto's written consent for her union with the person she loved, he gave it her one evening in the garden; assuring her in the most solemn manner, that he surrendered, at the same time, his eternal peace, and all that was valuable to him on earth. He then passionately embraced her, and retired with the utmost precipitation. Though Clora could not avoid remarking that he trembled excessively, and that he felt unaccountably cold, she resolved to take another turn in the garden, congratulating herself on the success of this ill-timed artifice: for, in reality, she was so far from being under the smallest engagement to any one, that she had, at first, been deeply enamoured with Leontine, and fully determined to marry him; having only adopted this expedient as already hinted, to prove his affection. Clora enjoyed this stratagem the more, as it had served to raise him in her estimation, and effectually convinced her of his truth and fidelity. While the fair trifer was thus employed in reflecting on the excess of happiness she had thus secured, her father called, to be informed what could have induced Leontine suddenly to take his horse out of the stable, with his own hand, and abruptly ride away at that time of the evening, without so much as taking leave of him, or speaking to any other person in the family.

All the woman was now alarmed; every prospect of felicity instantly vanished; and the unhappy Clora's thoughts became wholly employed in contriving means to recover the for ever lost Leontine. Having acknowledged to her father the whole truth of the affair, he was much enraged at her indiscretion; and still more affected at the loss of his esteemed friend; after whom messengers were instantly dispatched to every place where they knew he was at all acquainted, and even to the university. Their fears, in the mean time, were yet much increased by a violent tempest of the most dreadful thunder and lightning, attended with hail and rain; and which must evidently have overtaken him before he could possibly get over the adjacent plains.

The quarrel between Clora and her father had rendered a separate apartment necessary, where she remained inconsolable, till the several messengers returned, without any tidings of Leontine; when she was seized with strong hysterics, and confined to her bed. This alarming state brought on a reconciliation with the good old Acasto; who, seeing his beloved daughter so dangerously ill, sat by her day and night, impatiently waiting for tidings of Leontine.

They had remained in this miserable state nearly a fortnight, when a gentleman's servant one morning arrived, with a letter for Clora, to be delivered into her own hands. When the old gentleman saw the letter, concluding it must come from Leontine, he sprang from his chair with joy, and, snatching it from the servant, ran to his daughter, kissed her, and put it into her hand. Clora, ready

to devour it with eagerness, cried out—"My Leontine! my Leontine!" and, breaking open the epistle, after a short pause, in which her soul appeared labouring under something which was too powerful for utterance, exclaimed, "Ha! his will! his will!" and died away.

The letter, which enclosed the will, was from Leontine's friend, Horatio: and contained the following melancholy relation:

"Madam,

"I have the unhappiness to inform you, that Mr. Leontine, my dearest and most esteemed friend, died of a violent fever, and strong convulsions, last night, at eleven o'clock, occasioned, as I apprehend, by a severe cold, which he took in the late violent tempest. He came to my house in the night, extremely wet, and greatly indisposed. You must imagine that all possible means were used to preserve a life I so much valued. Two physicians of his acquaintance attended him. In the intervals of his delirium he made the enclosed will; with express orders for me to open it, in the presence of the gentleman named on the back, the day after his decease, which has been this day done, pursuant to his request; and as, after some few legacies and bequests to charitable uses, the bulk of his fortune is left to you, it was thought most advisable to send you his will.

"I must not omit to mention that he frequently called on you with great emotion; and that he was also extremely desirous to see your good father. But of this I was not apprised till about two hours before he died; and would then have immediately sent, but the physicians assured me he could not possibly live an hour. I can only judge of your loss, and that of your father, by what I myself feel; for he was, of all mankind, to me the most valuable acquaintance. But let us reflect, Madam, that our friends are born to die, and that it is our duty to submit with resignation—nay, with cheerfulness—to the dispensations of Providence; to whose gracious protection I heartily recommend you; and am, Madam, your afflicted friend and servant, HORATIO."

The unhappy Clara recovered from her swoon, but it was only to fall into a violent delirium; which in two days dismissed her afflicted spirit to follow that of Leontine. The shock of these agonizing events hastened the period of good Acasto's days; who never experienced a moment's felicity or ease after receiving the sad intelligence of Leontine's death; and, in less than three months, his remains were deposited in the same tomb with those of the two lovers.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE

Mystification.—In the reign of Louis XV. Isissé was the fashionable surgeon of Paris. One morning he received a note inviting him to attend in the *Rue Pot de fer*, near the Luxembourg, at six o'clock in the evening. This professional rendezvous he of course failed not to keep, when he was encountered by a man who brought him to the door of a house, at which the guide knocked. The door, as is usual in Paris, opened by a spring, moved from within the porter's lodge; and Isissé, when it again closed upon him, was surprised to find himself alone, and his conductor gone. After a short interval, however, the porter appeared and desired him to mount "*au premier*." Obeying this order, he opened the door of an antechamber, which he found completely lined with white. A very handsomely dressed and well-appointed *lacquais*, white from head

to foot, well powdered and frizzed, with a white bag to his hair, held two napkins, with which he insisted on wiping Isissé's shoes. The surgeon in vain observed, that having just left his carriage, his shoes were not dirty; the *lacquais* persisted, remarking that the house was too clean to allow of this operation being omitted. From the antechamber Isissé was shown into a saloon hung like the antechamber with white, where a second *lacquais* repeated the ceremony of wiping the shoes, and passed him into a third apartment, in which the walls, floor, bed, tables, chairs, and every article of furniture, were white. A tall figure, in a white night-cap and white morning gown, and covered with a white mask, was seated near the fire. As soon as this phantom perceived the surgeon, he cried in an hollow voice, "I have the devil in my body," and relapsed immediately into a profound silence, which he continued to observe during more than half an hour, that he amused himself in pulling on and off six pair of white gloves, which lay on a table beside him. Isissé was greatly alarmed at this extraordinary spectacle, and at his own reception; and his apprehension was not diminished on perceiving that fire arms were placed within the reach of the white spectre. His fears became at length so excessive, that he was compelled to sit down. By degrees, however, he gained sufficient courage to ask in a trembling voice, "what were Monsieur's commands," remarking, that "his time was not his own, but the public's, and that he had many appointments to keep." To this the white man only replied, in a dry, cold tone, "As long as you are well paid, what does it signify to you?" Another quarter of an hour's silence then ensued, when at last the spectre pulled a white bell-rope, and two white servants entered the room. He then called for bandages, and desired Isissé to draw from him five pounds of blood. The surgeon, frightened still more by the enormous bloodletting thus enjoined him, asked in an anxious tone who had ordered the remedy? "Myself," was the short answer. In too great a trepidation to venture on the veins of the arm, Isissé begged to bleed from the foot, and warm water was ordered for the operation. Meantime the phantom took off a pair of the finest silk stockings, and then another, and then a third, and so on to the sixth pair, which discovered the most beautiful foot, and almost convinced Isissé that his patient was a woman. The vein was opened; and at the second cup the phantom fainted. Isissé therefore was proceeding to take off the mask, but he was eagerly prevented by the servants. The foot was bound up, and the white figure having recovered his senses, was put to bed; after which, the servants again left the room. Isissé slowly advanced towards the fire, while he wiped his lancets; making many reflections within himself upon this strange adventure. All of a sudden, on raising his eyes, he perceived in the mirror over the chimney-piece, that the white figure was advancing towards him on tiptoe. His alarm became still more violent, when, with a single spring, the terrific spectre came close to his side. Instead, however, of offering violence, as his movement seemed to indicate, he merely took from the chimney five crowns and gave them to the surgeon, asking at the same time if he was satisfied. Isissé, who would have made the same answer had he received but three farthings, said that he was. "Well, then," said the spectre, "begone about your business." The poor surgeon did not wait for a second order, but retreated, or rather flew, as fast as his legs could carry him, from the room. The two servants who attended to light him out could not conceal their smiles; and Isissé, unable longer to endure his situation, asked what was the meaning of this pleasantry? But their only reply was,

"Are you not well paid? have you suffered any injury?" and so saying, they bowed him to his carriage. Isissé was at first determined to say nothing of this adventure; but he found on the ensuing morning, that it was already the amusement of the court and city; and he no longer made any mystery of the matter. The "*mot d'enigme*," however, was never discovered, nor could any motive be imagined for the mystification, beyond the caprice and idleness of its unknown perpetrator.

This adventure in its leading feature, bears a great resemblance to one which, without being a mystification, had all the effect of one: A surgeon of much practice, residing in a sea-port village in Hampshire, was, one dark winter's night, about the "celebrated hour of twelve o'clock" (to borrow a phrase from a popular novel,) called from his bed to visit a patient suddenly taken ill. "*Linquenda domus et placens uxor*" never reads worse than in a cold frosty night; but the surgeon (like all other surgeons) comforted himself with the thought of the double *honorarium* "in that case provided;" and, huddling on his clothes as fast as he could, he descended in the dark to open the street door. On again closing it behind him, and proceeding a few paces down the street, he felt himself suddenly seized by a vigorous grasp, while the muzzle of a pistol pressed hard against his breast. His interlocutor, wrapped in an immense cloak, in no very silver tones desired him to follow, and, as he valued his life, to proceed in silence. At the turning of the street a second man started forth from a projecting doorway, and in a low anxious whisper asked, "Have you got him?" "Got him," was the laconic reply, and the three passed on without farther speaking. Farther on another confederate joined them, and "have you got him?" was repeated in the same way, and produced the same brief half-suppressed "Got him" as before. Thus they proceeded to the outskirts of the village, where they met other men mounted, holding led horses. "Have you got him?" cried the horsemen under less restraint, and therefore in a louder key. "Got him," more freely breathed the inflexible conductor; and placing the terrified surgeon on the saddle of one of the led steeds, he got up behind him, and the whole company scoured away over fields, heaths, and bogs, occasionally reconnoitred and joined by scrutinizing videttes, after the accustomed "Have you got him?" had assured them that they had "got him," and that all was right. The poor man's anxiety, increasing at every step that led him farther from the "haunts of man," through ways which, though he perfectly knew the country, were still new to him, was now wound up to absolute despair; when suddenly the horsemen paused, and alighted at the door of a lone cottage, in which lay a wounded man stretched on a bed. The surgeon was dismounted and ordered to examine and dress the wound, and to prescribe directions for its management: which being done, the escort took to their horses again, and, replacing the surgeon behind old "Got him," returned in the same order and with the same precautions as before. Towards break of day they arrived at the town's end, where "Got him" having first paid the surgeon handsomely for his night's work, and threatened him with the severest vengeance if he spoke of this adventure, these "ugly customers" took their leave and departed. In this manner he was, afterwards, several times carried to visit his patient, till the convalescence of the sick man made his visits no longer necessary. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the parties were smugglers, who had had an engagement with the custom-house officers; and that the secrecy of their proceeding arose from the fear of the man's situation leading to detection.

Anecdote of Pelisson.—Pelisson was dreadfully disfigured by the small-pox, and the following incident befel him from his extreme ugliness. A very beautiful lady met him one day in the street, and taking him by the hand, she requested him to let her lead him to a house a few doors off. Delighted at being noticed by so beautiful a female, Pelisson, in spite of his appearance, could not forbear entertaining the most ardent hopes. The lady, speaking to the master of the house, uttered the following sentence.—"Exactly like that, every feature."—Pelisson, recovering his astonishment at the sudden disappearance of the lady, requested the master of the house to explain what all this meant? Who, after refusing for a long while, confessed that he was a painter, adding,—"I have some time ago undertaken to paint for that lady a picture of the *Temptation in the Wilderness*, and we have been sadly puzzled to get a good representation of the devil; she therefore brought you to see me as a model."

Hypocrisy.—The first consideration with a knave, is how to help himself, and the second, how to do it with the appearance of helping you. Dionysius, the tyrant, stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympius of a robe of massy gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying, gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer; it behoves us to take care of Jupiter!

Singular Fact.—It is a remarkable but well authenticated fact, that Home wrote his tragedy of *Douglas*. Dr. Blair composed his Lectures, and Dr. Robertson compiled his History of Charles the Fifth, in the same house, a small white cottage, still to be seen in one of the Parks, Burnisford Links, in Scotland.

In a recent duel between two Barristers, one of them shot away the skirt of the other's coat. His second observing the truth of his aim, declared, that had his friend been engaged with a client, he would very probably have hit his pocket.

Secrets.—Czar Peter when he was in Holland, hearing there was a man there in confinement, who had been three times tortured, but in vain, to make him discover his accomplices, and being amazed at his fortitude, had the curiosity to see him, and accordingly went to his cell, when he discovered who he was to the prisoner, and told him that he was surprised how any man could have the courage to suffer what he had done and was still likely to do, when by a confession he might free himself; and at the same time desired that he would tell him for his own satisfaction, whether he had any accomplice or not, and promised on the word of a king, that it should never go any further. The prisoner, looking at the Czar with a steady countenance, said in a solemn manner, "Can your Majesty keep a secret?" The Czar replied, "Yes, I can."—"And so can I," quoth the prisoner.

Sir George Rook, before he was made admiral, had served as a captain of marines, upon their first establishment; and being quartered on the coast of Essex, where the ague made havoc among his men, the minister of the village where he lay was so harassed with the duty, that he refused to bury any more of them, without being paid his accustomed fees. The captain made no words, but the next that died, he ordered to be carried to the minister's house, and laid upon the table of his great hall; this greatly embarrassed the poor clergyman, who in the fulness of his heart sent the captain word, "That if he would cause the dead man to be taken away, he would never more dispute with him, but would readily bury him and his whole company for nothing."

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

The Discovery of the Island of Madeira.

In the early ages of the art of navigation, it was the firm belief of the most enlightened among the Portuguese, that the sea to the westward beyond the island of Puerto Santo, which had originally been discovered by Juba, was not navigable on account of weeds and mud; that the course of a ship could also be arrested by concealed rocks, and dreadful whirlpools. This idea had originated with the ancients, and was supported by a strange appearance in the horizon, that perplexed the minds of our navigators: to the south-west of Puerto Santo, a thick impenetrable cloud continually hovered on the waves, and thence extended to the heavens. Some believed it to be a dreadful abyss; superstition traced amidst the gloom, the inscription and portal of Dante; whilst the learned pronounced that it could only be the island of Cipango, where Spanish and Portuguese bishops had retired, with other Christians, from the persecuting Moors, and that no one could approach under the penalty of death.

The Spanish pilot, with the Portuguese who accompanied Gonzales, a circumnavigator, were now shown the dreadful shade, which continued to hover in the horizon to the south-west of Puerto Santo. Morales defied the terrors which appalled the greater part of the company; declaring it as his firm opinion, that what they beheld could only be the land they were in search of. After a consultation, it was determined, that the expedition should at least be delayed until the change of the moon, when probably some alteration might take place in this alarming spectre; its tremendous form, however, still continued, and the whole design would most likely have been frustrated, had not Morales insisted, that the ground of the concealed island being shaded from the sun by thick and lofty trees, a vapour was continually exhaled, which spread itself through the sky: he also added, that according to the information he had received from the English seamen in his Moorish dungeon, and the course they described to have held, the land enveloped in the dark cloud not be very distant.

The arguments and experience of Morales, had little effect on the minds of any of his hearers, except Gonzales, who at length yielded to their force; and it was secretly agreed between them, that the first favourable morning they should set sail, without any previous communications of their intentions to the rest. Accordingly, when the Portuguese least expected it, the vessels at day break, and as Alcaforado relates, on St. Elizabeth's day, were found boldly standing with a press of sail towards the dreaded abyss. If we consider the prevailing credulity and ignorance of the age, and the imperfect state of navigation, we must allow that the attempt required the consummate resolution of a mariner. The firmness of Gonzales, and the pilot, increased the apprehensions of those on board; for as the ship advanced, the high and extended vapour was observed to thicken, until it became horrible to view.

Towards noon the roaring of the sea reverberated throughout the horizon. The Portuguese could no longer endure the painful suspense, and they called loudly on Gonzales not to persist in a course which must inevitably terminate in their destruction. Gonzales, and the Spanish pilot, attempted to calm their agitation; they urged every possible argument to convince them, that the

whole was an idle alarm; and at length reconciled their trembling companions to abide the event. The weather was fortunately calm; but the rapidity of the current obliged Gonzales to have his ship towed by two shallops along the skirts of the cloud; whilst the dashing of the sea on the breakers served as a guide, by which he either increased or diminished his distance.

As they proceeded, the tremendous vapour gradually lessened towards the east, but the noise of the waves increased; when on a sudden, something of a deeper shade was feebly discerned through the gloom, the vessels still continuing at a great distance. Some persons, who probably caught a faint glance of the rocks, with which the shore is lined, exclaimed, that they saw giants of an enormous size. A clearness was at length remarked on the sea, the hoarse echo of its waves abated; and to complete their joy, a little point, which received the name of San Lourenco, opened to the astonished spectators: doubling this the high land to the southward extended before them, and the cloud being dispersed, the wood-lands, for a considerable distance up the mountains, were unveiled.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BACCHUS.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

Our Theatre presents more than usual attractions this winter. Several additions have been made to the *Corps Dramatique*, which greatly improve its general character. Among the regular performers our old favourite HILSON is numbered, and we hope he will never again wander to the south, but remain stationary and continue to delight his old friends. It is not an easy matter to say in what particular style of acting Hilson excels. He is inimitable in *Popolino*, *Sonno*, *Nipperkin*, and *Numpo*; acts the dashing gentleman, and the Yorkshire lad to the life, in his double character of *Lovel*, and throws out strong tragic feeling in the singular *Tyke*. FOOT and KENT in their peculiar provinces stand high. The silvery voice of the former gives a charm to the representation of venerable age, and the rough, honest, hearty tones of the latter well suit the mouth of the reckless and warm-hearted *tar*, in which character we think he excels. He takes tobacco like a true sailor.

WATKINSON is a perfect antidote to the *Blue Devils*—Often and often has he beguiled us of a listless and weary hour by his irresistible humour. His voice, his look, his gait, are admirably comic. Nobody could make a better *Toby Allspice*. He figures well in the part of an odd, eccentric, and whimsical old gentleman, the blustering *Sir George Thunder*, and the fidgety *Governor Heartall*. We would wager that he would make old *Briefwit* laugh elsewhere than "in his sleeve;" the sedate old Roman, who never laughed but once in his life, ought to have seen such a care-killing being as Watkinson. We have one cause of complaint against him, which he must correct. Sometimes he offends against the rules of delicacy: this may please the few, but the good sense of the many will not permit it to become a habit in any actor.

As a tragic actor we rank CLARKE very high. We are aware that a considerable difference of opinion exists with regard to his performance. But we do think, and so do many whose judgment we respect, that he conceives his part perfectly. He is always in character; there is no inconsistency, no blundering, no rant in his acting. He is always chaste, and always correct. If any are disposed to

doubt this, let them witness his *Wellborn*, *Faulkener*, and "*The Unknown*" in the *Galley Slaves*. They will there see true talent and true taste. The greatest objection urged against Clarke is the stiffness of his carriage and gait. When he overcomes this, he will be a more general favourite; and a general favourite he deserves to be.

The accession of MRS. CLARKE and MRS. STONE is by no means unimportant. We prophesy that they will be well appreciated, for they both possess talent—But of the female characters we shall take occasion to speak hereafter.

COOPER and BOOTH have trod the stage this season, and have ably maintained their high tragic reputation. We were gratified to see Cooper returning to Comedy in *Young Wilding*. To excel both in Tragedy and Comedy is no trifling proof of his powers, although the former is his forte, as every body knows. The proud, scornful, patrician *Coriolanus*, is suited to his commanding figure and impressive face, better perhaps, than any of his characters.

DE CAMP is now before us, and calling forth the most decided tokens of approbation. He is a first-rate actor, and strongly reminds us of *Matthews*. In "*High Life Below Stairs*" he gives us an excellent caricature of high life above stairs, as it is sometimes seen, even in the fops of our republican land. But they only who have seen the fops of fashion (we do not mean that all fashionables are fops) in another country, can relish his "*My Lord Duke's Servant*" in the greatest degree. We are glad to find De Camp so popular, because it is an evidence out of many of our city's improving in theatrical taste, and also an evidence that good acting will always draw full houses.

The liberal and enterprising managers of this establishment deserve the thanks of the public for their unwearied exertions to render the theatre, what it now is, a place of delightful recreation. They spare neither pains nor expense. Their liberality has drawn over from England, from time to time, those who stand high there in the profession, and has given to our theatre a good standing and a good character.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF

MARK ALEXANDER BOYD.

Mark Alexander Boyd an author of considerable note among the Scottish Latin poets of the sixteenth century, was the son of Robert Boyd, of Pinkill, in Ayrshire. He was born on the 13th January, 1562, and is said to have come with teeth into the world. While yet a child he lost his father, and came under the care of his uncle, James Boyd, Archbishop of Glasgow. As he grew up in years, he evinced a great aversion to study and a disposition restless, fiery, and ungovernable. Quarrelling with his preceptors, he eloped to Edinburgh, in the hope of pushing his way at court, by the force of natural talents alone; but it was not long till he discovered that fate had made no exception in his favour, from the general necessity of toiling up the steep of fame. All that he acquired in this stage of his progress, was the blockhead reputation of having fought one duel, and been the hero of numberless broils. Still however, averse to books, he resolved to follow the profession of arms; and furnished with a small stock of money, went over to France, with the intention of entering the service of that country. Shortly after his arrival, he lost all his money at dice, and it would seem, that, with that, his military passion also passed away for the time.

His misfortunes at the gaming table

brought on a fit of reflection, which gave birth to a very wise resolution of resuming those studies which, in his younger years, he had so foolishly forsaken and despised. At Paris he studied philosophy with Ambrose; eloquence, with Passerat; and the languages with Genebrand. Afterwards, he went to the university of Orleans, where Robertus initiated him into the principles of the civil law; but in a short time, he deserted Robertus for his rival, Cujacius of Bourges, the most celebrated civilian of his time. With Cujacius, Boyd contrived to get into high favour. The old professor had an exceeding admiration for the obsolete style of Emilius, and other Roman poets of the same era; and Boyd, as a tribute of respect to this good taste, wrote some pieces in imitation of Ennius, which induced Cujacius to pronounce that he was formed by nature to write in a language and style which were a thousand years dead and gone.

Bourges being visited by the plague, Boyd took refuge at Lyons, and the same calamity having followed him thither, he afterwards fled to Italy. He formed here a familiar acquaintance with one Cornelius Varus a Florentine; to whom, as he used often to declare, he was more indebted in his literary pursuits than to any other person in the world. If extravagant flattery could be admitted to form part of the character of a useful Mentor, there would be no doubt of Varus's claim to the title. In some verses of his which are extant, he asserts, that his friend Boyd surpassed Buchanan, and all other British poets, in a greater degree than Virgil surpassed Lucretius, Catullus, and all other Roman poets. A fit of the ague compelled Boyd after a short time, to bid adieu to Italy and his Varus, to return to Lyons.

The civil war breaking out in France, revived in the breast of Boyd that military ardour which had brought him to the continent, but had till now been suffered to remain dormant. He joined the army which came from Germany to the assistance of the Bourbons, but it was unfortunately destroyed before he had an opportunity of gathering a single laurel. A shot in the ankle, obtained in some bush fighting with the peasantry, was the only mark which he retained of perils past.

Boyd now retired to Thoulouse, and resumed the study of the civil law. The faction of the League, however, soon after obtained possession of this place; and Boyd, for his short campaign in the royal cause, was thrown into prison. Through the interposition of some learned friends, he was soon released; went to Bourdeaux, which he did not like; removed to Rochelle, which he liked worse; and finally settled in an agreeable rural retreat on the borders of Poitou, where he gave up his chief attention to the study of polite literature. Remembrances of home would, however, often intrude on this retirement, and at length produced a resolution of returning to Scotland. He arrived there in safety, but did not survive his return, dying of a slow fever in April, 1601, at Pinkill, the family seat, in the 39th year of his age.

The merits of Boyd are thus depicted by a contemporary, whose manuscript fell into the hands of Sir Robert Sibbald: In his person, he was tall and well proportioned; he had a handsome, sprightly, and engaging countenance, and in his discourse, aspect, voice, and gesture, there was something singularly noble. He was polite, pleasant, acute, courteous, a ready speaker, and entirely free from envy and avarice. He could easily bear with the boasting of the ignorant, but he disliked the coarse and abusive manner of writing which prevailed among the learned of his time. He thought it unworthy of a man, in a literary contest, to throw out any thing which should hurt the reputation of his adversary. In in-

juries of an atrocious nature he chose to do himself justice by having recourse to the laws of arms. Among the ancients, Xenophon was his favourite philosopher, Cesar as an historian, and Virgil as a poet. So admirably was he skilled in the Greek language that he could write, dictate, and converse in it, with copiousness and elegance. He despised the cantos then much in vogue, and said that the authors of them, however learned, were dull and ignorant men. To an excellent genius, he joined a happy memory and an admirable judgment. So lively and extensive were his abilities, that he could dictate to three scribes in as many different languages and on different subjects. Besides his Epistles, after the manner of Ovid, and his Hymns, he wrote a variety of Latin poems that never saw the light. He was the author of notes on Pliny, and published an excellent little book, addressed to Lipsius, in defence of Cardinal Berubio and ancient eloquence. He translated, likewise, Cesar's Commentaries into Greek, in the style of Herodotus, but would not permit his translation to be made public. He afterwards applied to the cultivation of poetry in his native language, and attained to such excellence in it, that he deserved to be placed on a level with Petrarch and Ronsard. In all his compositions, he displayed more genius than labour. So great were the elevation of his mind and strength of his ambition, that he always aimed at greater things than he could attain, and hence he neglected several opportunities of being advantageously settled, and led a wandering kind of life abroad during fourteen years."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

Rise and Progress of Chemical Science.

No. II.

The beginning of the sixteenth century was remarkable for a great revolution produced in the European practice of physic, by means of chemistry; for Paracelsus, famous for curing syphilis, the leprosy, and other virulent disorders, by means of mercurial and antimonial preparations, wholly rejected the Galenical pharmacy, and substituted the chemical in its stead. He had a professor's chair given him by the magistracy of Basil, and was the first who read public lectures in medicine and chemistry, and subjected animal and vegetable, as well as mineral substances, to examination by fire.

So great a genius as Paracelsus, could not fail of becoming alike the subject of the extremes of penegyric and satire. He has accordingly been esteemed by some, as a second Esculapius; others have thought that he was possessed of more impudence than merit, and that his reputation was more owing to the brutal singularity of his conduct, than to the cures he performed. He treated the physicians of his time with the most illiberal insolence, telling them, "that the very down on his bald pate had more knowledge than all their writers; the buckles of his shoes more learning than Galen or Avicenna; and his beard more experience than all their universities." He revived the extravagant doctrine of Raymond Lully, concerning a universal medicine, and untimely sunk into his grave at the age of forty-seven, whilst he boasted himself to be in possession of secrets, able to prolong the present period of human life to that of the antediluvians!

But in whatever estimation the merit of Paracelsus, as a chemist, may be held; certain it is, that his fame excited the envy of some, the emulation of others, and the industry of all. Those who attacked, and those who defended his principles, equally promoted the knowledge of chemistry; which, from his time, by attracting

the notice of physicians, began, every where, to be systematically treated, and more generally understood.

Soon after the death of Paracelsus, which happened in the year 1541, the arts of mining and fluxing metals received great illustration from the works of Georgius Agricola, a German physician. Lazarus Erckern (assay-master-general of the empire of Germany) followed Agricola in the same pursuit. His works were first published at Prague, in 1574, and an English translation of them, by Sir John Pettus, came out at London, in 1683. Several others have been published, chiefly in Germany, on the same subject, since their time. Germany, indeed, has for a long period been the great school of metallurgy for the rest of Europe; and the British owe the present flourishing condition of their mines to the wise policy of Queen Elizabeth, in granting great privileges to Daniel Houghsetter, Christopher Schutz, and other Germans, whom she had invited into England, in order to instruct her subjects in the art of metallurgy.

It was in the seventeenth century that chemistry was first cultivated as a branch of philosophical science. Lord Bacon pointed out the folly and absurdity of the course adopted by the ancients, who formed theories independent of experiment and observation, and of the irregular and unsystematic empiricism of the alchemists. He showed that in order to know the secrets of nature, we must consult nature herself, and that it was only by a series of observations and experiments, and careful comparison of the results, that we could hope to arrive at useful knowledge. It was no small benefit to the world to have pointed out the true road to improvement, and after Lord Bacon arose, many philosophers prosecuted with ardour the course he indicated. The Hon. Robert Boyle was born on the same day that Lord Bacon died. Possessed of an ample fortune, and of the desire to improve human knowledge, he applied himself with diligence to philosophical studies, and made such progress and such discoveries as have secured to his name an honourable place amongst the promoters of science. His attainments were highly esteemed by Sir Isaac Newton. Chemistry and Natural Philosophy were the objects of his researches.

Improvement in Fermentation.

It is well known, that the common practice has been to ferment in open vessels; and, though it was well known among chemists that a certain portion of spirit and flavour escaped in the form of vapour during the process, yet no one had an idea that the condensatory system could be applied,—as it appeared impossible to effect the fermentation in airtight vessels. The idea however occurred to Madame Gervais, a proprietor of considerable vineyards near Montpellier, who has founded a system on the principle, that what is termed the vinous fermentation, is a mild, calm, and natural distillation. Having first laid down this groundwork, she proceeded to obtain an apparatus that would operate in such manner as to return into the vessel the spirit and flavour that was evolved from the fermenting gyle, and let out the non-condensable gases, which might, by the increasing heat, acquire too great an expansive force, and burst the working-tun. Her apparatus consisted of a vessel resembling the head of the ancient still, and constructed of such form as to be capable of being placed securely in the back or vat in which the process of fermentation is to be carried on; the back or vat must be closed air-tight, with a hole in the top communicating with that part of the apparatus called the cone or condenser. This one is surrounded by a cylinder or reservoir, which is to be filled with cold water, so that the alcoholic vapour or steam, evolved during

the process, may be condensed as it comes in contact with the cold interior surface of the cone; and, being thereby converted into liquid, trickles down the inside of the condenser, and through a long pipe is returned into the fermenting liquor.

By the application of this apparatus, a considerable portion of alcohol, which has been hitherto suffered to escape in the form of vapour, along with the non-condensable gases, is condensed and returned into the liquor; and the non-condensable gases are carried off by a pipe, which proceeding from the interior lower part of the cone, and running up the inside of the cylinder in the cold water, passes out through the side, and the end is immersed some depth below the surface of water contained in a separate vessel, permitting the gases to escape, but still under a certain degree of pressure, the object of which is to confine the alcoholic steam and gas within the cone, and allow them a sufficient time to cool and condense.

This discovery is of the greatest importance, since it enables us, without the least detriment or inconvenience to the process, to exclude the oxygen of the atmospheric air, which, by constantly supplying the gyle in brewing with the principle that causes and promotes acidity, casts on it from the first that roughness and disagreeable flavour which spoil most of our common beverages. The apparatus being applied to ferment the must of grapes, has been found to procure an increase of quantity amounting in some instances to 10 or 12 per cent. and which necessarily varies according to situation, season, or former management; but in no instance has it been found less than from 5 or 6 per cent. When applied to the fermentation of beer, this saving has constantly been between four and a half and five per cent. a quantity certainly inferior to that obtained from wine, but which will not appear unimportant when we consider this saving is a spirit congenial to the nature of the beer, and an essential oil necessary to its preservation, mildness, and flavour. The preparation of the wort for this system in no way differs from the already well-established mode, but merely in the management when in the working-tun by brewers, distillers, wine-makers, &c.

ON THE PHENOMENA OF THE DELUGE.

That this globe has undergone great changes, is a fact admitted by every one in the least conversant with natural philosophy. But whether these have been occasioned by water or by fire, is still a matter of doubt among the learned. Among those who question the phenomena of a universal deluge, and who think that the appearances presented by nature indicate the operation of some other impelling or agitating principle than water, is Mr. Greenough, the author of a recent work entitled "Principles of Geology;" in which he has stated with accuracy, and with the most philosophical absence of all prepossessions, the several natural solutions that may be offered, and the insuperable difficulties involved in them all.

If (says Mr. G.) the submersion of the highest mountains on the face of the globe was occasioned simply by an increase of water, from what source can so enormous an addition of water have proceeded? If it existed previously, what became of it during the growth of those land-plants, which we so often find imbedded in the secondary rocks? During the life-time of those land animals whose fossils remains are so extensively distributed? If it existed at the time of the Deluge, what is become of it now? If derived from the interior of the earth, how shall we explain the existence of those enormous caverns, within which this mass of water was contained? how explain its own existence in such a situation? what attraction from without, what repulsion

from within could have dislodged it from its hiding place, and forced it far beyond those barriers which the laws of gravity prescribed? How happened it that the roof and the sides of the caverns, in which the water resided, did not fall in during its absence, so as to prevent the possibility of its return? Was increase of temperature the means of dislodging it? whence did that increase of temperature proceed? from within? we know not any cause acting from within capable of producing it; of producing it once only, within a space of five thousand years: from without? how could heat be at the same time so intense as to penetrate a solid crust some thousand miles in thickness, and yet so gentle, that no traces of its action are discerned upon the surface, where it must have acted most intensely?

If it be supposed that this accession of water was derived from some body extrinsic to the earth, we know of no cause in nature by which such transfer of water from one body to another could be produced. But let a cause be assumed: let us grant that the water was so obtained: how was it afterwards removed? what is become of it now?

"Shall we then, fearless of paradox, attribute to the waves constancy, mobility to the land? Shall we say that continents have been submerged, not from the rising of waters, but from their own descent? Extravagant as such an hypothesis may appear, it falls short, very short of that which the Huttonians have long admitted and maintained." There can be no doubt (says Mr. Playfair) that the land has been raised by expensive forces acting from below; and there is reason to think that continents have alternately ascended and descended within a period comparatively of no great extent.

Mr. Greenough goes on to consider De Luc's hypothesis, and exclaims, "Alas! this expedient, so far from obviating our difficulties, tends only to enhance them. If there were no caverns beneath our continents, how could they sink? If there were caverns, how were they produced? why were they commensurate with the extent of the land? the continents having sunk, how have they risen again to their present level? after all this subsidence and elevation, how happens it, that of the strata which were deposited horizontally so many remained horizontal? how happens it that subsidence and elevation were unattended by fracture?"

He then proceeds to observe, that to the solution of the problem, impetuosity of motion in the water is indispensable; but an increased quantity of water, he adds, is perhaps superfluous; for there seems no good reason for supposing, that the quantity which actually subsists upon the earth, if thrown into a state of excessive agitation, would not be of itself sufficient to produce all the phenomena of the deluge and after discussing the possible causes of such an agitation, although he carefully avoids giving any opinion of his own, yet he seems to think the near approach of a comet the most plausible of all the solutions hitherto proposed.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Snakes in Jamaica.—Mr. J. Stewart, in his work entitled, "A view of the past and present state of Jamaica," gives the following account of the snakes found in that island: There are three species of snake in Jamaica, viz. the yellow, the black, and the brown snake; the last being the smallest of the three. None of these are venomous in their bite, at least to a serious degree, instances having happened of negroes having been bitten by them without suffering any other consequence than a temporary pain, inflammation, and swelling of the part, and sometimes a slight degree of fever; to remove which, all that is necessary is a fomentation of the part with sweet oil,

or warm lime-juice, and extracting the tooth of the animal if it has been left in the flesh. It is alleged by some that the bite of the brown snake is mortal; but no instance ever happened of its bite having produced death. Some of the yellow snakes are from ten to twelve feet long, but the general length is from six to eight. This animal is at times exceedingly indolent and inoffensive; when gorged with its periodical quantum of food, and when coiled up and reposing itself, it will permit a person to come up and touch it, without making an effort to move. Nay, some of the African negroes have the boldness to stand upon them for a short time while in this supine state: they have a strange notion that this operation is a sovereign remedy for the bone ache, a painful disease to which they are subject. The animal, under the pain of this extraordinary pressure, writhes itself round, and soon dislodges the intruder, but without any active exertion of resentment, and, on the removal of the annoyance, it recomposes itself to rest. But when hungry and in search of prey, and during the season of pairing, it is more active and irascible, but particularly at the latter time, when it is not safe to disturb it. The strength of this animal is incredible; the united exertions of four or five able bodied negroes cannot draw one of large size from a place where it has got any hold; so that one cannot, from this, altogether discredit what is told of the monstrous serpents of thirty feet long in India and Africa, which, it is said, have been known to strangle the buffalo, and the tiger. There is something in the very sight of a snake revolting to all other animals. We are startled if one unexpectedly comes in our way, though we may be aware there is no danger in his bite: horses and oxen start and snort if they see one near them, and the dogs bark at them, but carefully keep aloof while they are in an attitude of defence. The black snake, when assailed by a dog, generally darts at his eyes; by which means the terriers, which never come in view of them without showing their antipathy, very frequently become blind. The domestic cat is terrified at the sight of the smallest sized snake, and will not face it; though the wild cat, more fierce and daring, will probably not shun the encounter. A gentleman, a surveyor by profession, in traversing the woods, one day found the skeleton of a snake entwined round that of a cat; they had probably been fighting, and perished together in the conflict.

The Westminster Hawk.—There is to be seen on Westminster Abbey every day a noble hawk, which is known by the neighbouring inhabitants to have resided there above thirty years, where he reigns despotic monarch. His territories are shunned by all the feathered race; and if by chance a pigeon or other bird alights there, he pounces upon it, and tears it to pieces. He seldom roams any distance thence, except when compelled by hunger, which as soon as he satisfies, he returns. His favourite station on the Abbey is immediately over the clock, where he is almost sure to be seen daily.

MINERVA MEDICA.

Difference between Indigenous and Levant Opium.—M. Richard Duprat, a chemist at Toulouse, informs us that a lady of that city, who suffered excruciating torment from a cancer, was unable to procure relief from opium as usually given, although she took as much as an ounce in the week. Extract of poppy-heads was substituted, with the best effects, producing freedom from suffering, and occasionally tranquil sleep. The extract was prepared as follows:—The poppy-heads were carefully cleaned of

the seeds and stalks, bruised in a mortar, and infused in cold water for twelve hours; they were then repeatedly boiled in fresh quantities of water; the liquor was passed through linen of very close texture, and evaporated. Of the extract thus obtained, an ounce was divided into forty-eight pills; but we are not informed how many of these the lady took for a dose. M. Duprat, in reasoning upon this subject, gives it as his opinion that it is nearly impossible to free the opium of commerce from a certain quantity of resin, while the native extract contains scarcely any. If then, says he, it be true that the resins in general, and that of opium in particular, act by producing irritation, can we be astonished at obtaining more satisfactory results from the one than the other?

Sulphur, as a Preservative against Measles.—During the winter of 1817, the measles prevailed epidemically at Munster, at which time M. Tourtual had occasion to remark that the children affected with it, and who were using sulphur externally and internally, were exempt from the epidemic. He attributed this circumstance to the presence of another cutaneous disease, and gave it all the merit of the prophylactic virtue. In 1822, a fresh epidemic of measles occurred again, and the disease was preceded for many days by a convulsive cough. For this symptom M. Tourtual prescribed a mixture of flowers of sulphur and white sugar, of which the children took half a tea-spoonful, more or less, according to their age. Many trials were made on children of different families and different ages, and all who took the remedy in time escaped the disease.

New treatment of Croup.—Professor Recamier has informed the Academy of Medicine at Paris, that he has lately been successful in treating cases of croup, with threatened suffocation, by means of milk and water injected by the mouth and nose at the same time, so as to excite violent convulsions of the throat and muscles of the larynx. This plan has been tried in three cases, in all of which portions of false membrane were expelled. It appears, however, that one of the little patients died; and, although this is accounted for by a "dissolution" of the stomach, we are not quite convinced that the injections may not have had something to do with it. *Anceps quam nullum* is the only principle on which so precarious a remedy can be justified.

Extirpation of part of the lower jaw.—M. Dupuytren exhibited, at the Academy of Medicine, in May, 1823, a girl of twelve years old, in whom he had removed the front of the lower jaw for an osteo-sarcoma. Although the extirpation extended from the first of the molars on one side to the canine tooth of the other, yet the lip and chin presented a pretty regular cicatrix, and her countenance was much more agreeable than before the operation, which was not attended with any accident.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES. FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Petersburg.—The Academy of Sciences, acting under the authority of the Emperor, has purchased General Suchtelen's magnificent cabinet of ancient Medals. This cabinet consists of above 11,000 articles, in gold and silver, as well as in bronze, selected with the care and the taste of an enlightened amateur. Next to the acquisition of the Oriental Manuscripts belonging to M. Rousseau, the French Consul at Aleppo, a collection for which the Academy is indebted to the Emperor, that of General Suchtelen's medals is the most important that the Academy has made. A special Insti-

tution for the study of the Oriental languages, has just been added to the College of Foreign Affairs. Twenty young persons are to be admitted, and qualified to serve as Interpreters to the Russian legations in the Levant. The two Professors of this Institution are Messrs. Demanges and Charmoy, pupils of the Royal School for Oriental Languages, in Paris. Their annual salary is to be 6000 rubles.

Food-weigher.—A Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, who is also a member of several learned Societies, has invented an elegant little machine that acts by a spring, which he calls a Bromometre, to be placed on the breakfast and dinner table, for the purpose, as its name indicates, of ascertaining the quantity of food taken by the different individuals present; so that the number of ounces prescribed by the most rigid attention to health may never be exceeded!

Chinese.—Two young Chinese have been placed at the University of Halle, by the King of Prussia, for the purpose of obtaining the means of scientifically studying the Chinese language. One of them, As-Sing, who is thirty years of age, was born at Heong-San, a short distance from Canton. His father, who was a priest and an astrologer, died before As-Sing was five years old. He was brought up by his mother and his uncle, the latter of whom was in the custom-house at Canton. As-Sing, having received a careful education, and obtained some notion of the English language, he visited first Macao, then India, and lastly St. Helena; where he was for three years a cook in the house of Napoleon; after whose death he was employed for some time in English vessels, as an interpreter between the English and his countrymen. He went to London, and there met with his countryman Ha-ho, who is five and twenty years of age, and was born in the neighbourhood of Canton; being the son of a silk-merchant. These two young Chinese entered into a treaty with a Dutchman called Lasthausen, by which he was authorized to exhibit them on the Continent for money. It was from that abject state that they were rescued by the royal munificence. They begin to stammer out a little German, and are of great use to the young orientalists in the University, who, as well as the missionaries, attend at the lessons which the two Chinese receive, under the superintendence of the celebrated Professor Gesenius, assisted by two of his pupils.

To detect Lime-bleached Linen.—Much injury is done to linen by bleaching it with lime. To prevent deception, cut off a scrap of new linen which you wish to examine, put it into a glass, and pour upon it several spoonfuls of good vinegar. If the linen contain lime, the acid will excite considerable effervescence, accompanied with a slight noise. If otherwise, no effect is produced.

To avoid effects of foul air in Wells.—The following simple, but certain preservative, is recommended to all persons who follow subterranean occupations. When a well, vault, or drain has been enclosed a considerable time, in order to disperse and rectify the suffocating air, at first opening throw down six or more pails of water, and after waiting a quarter of an hour, any one may venture down; the like method should be observed in sinking new wells, especially if the works have been discontinued any length of time.

Ancient Division of Time.—"Five hundred and sixty four atoms make a moment, four moments a minute, two minutes and a half a prick or point, four pricks or points a tid or hour in the course of the sun, six tids a fyrthling, four fyrthlings a day, and seven days a week."—From a very ancient and valuable MS. (in vel-

lum) in the Ashmolean Museum, the author whereof was Byrdferthus, Brightferthus, or Bricferthus, monk of Ramsey, or as others say, Thomey, who, according to Bale, flourished in the year 980, in the reign of King Ethelred.

To choose a Carpet.—Persons who are disposed to study durability more than ornament in the purchase of a carpet, should always select one the figures of which are small; for in this case, the two webs of which the carpet consists, are always much closer interwoven than in carpets where large figures upon ample grounds are represented.

Useful Properties of Red Spurge.—Warts or corns anointed with the juice of this plant, presently disappear. A drop of it put into the hollow of a decayed and aching tooth, destroys the nerve, and consequently removes the pain. It is frequently rubbed behind the ears that it may blister, and by that means give relief.

Preservation of Paints.—A curious experiment, promising some success, has lately been making in Paris. It is an attempt to preserve the large Paintings of the most esteemed artists, by the employment of plates of pottery. The different parts of a large picture are united by a composition, and so coloured as completely to disguise the joinings. The artists who are making this experiment hope by these means to produce works as durable as Mosaic, but of much easier execution, and at a very moderate price.

New Application of Bath Stone.—The Oolite or freestone, found at Bath, is very soft and porous, is easily penetrated by and absorbs a considerable quantity of water. It has of late been formed into wine-coolers and butter-jars in place of the common biscuit ware; and from the facility with which the water passes through it, so as to admit of evaporation at the surface, it succeeds very well. But the most ingenious application of this stone is in the formation of circular pyramids having a number of grooves cut one above the other on its surface; these pyramids are soaked in water, and a small hole made in the centre filled; salad seed is then sprinkled in the grooves, and, being supplied with water from the stone, vegetates, and, in the course of some days, produces a crop of salad ready to be placed on the table. The hole should be filled with water daily, and, when one crop is plucked, the seeds are brushed out and another sown.

Galvanic Apparatus.—A new and powerful apparatus has been constructed at the London Institution, by the ingenious W. H. Pepsy, Esq. It consists of a single sheet of copper and one of zinc, each fifty feet long and two broad. They are wound round a wooden centre, and kept apart by pieces of interposed hair-lines. The coil and its counterpoise are suspended by a rope over a tub of dilute acid. When lowered into the tub, its electricity is so low as not to affect the electrometer; even a bit of charcoal serves to insulate it; and it can hardly ignite an inch of platinum wire, 1.31² of an inch in diameter: but, when the poles are connected by a copper wire, 1.8² of an inch in diameter, and eight inches long, it becomes hot, is most powerfully magnetic, and admirably adapted for all electro-magnetic experiments.

The Mermaid.—There appears in a late number of Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine* a curious communication on this subject, from Mr. Lawrence Edmondston, surgeon, Zetland. He says, that an animal answering to the following description, so far as the account of the six fishermen who captured it can be depended on, was actually in their posses-

sion for three hours, but unluckily, from some superstitious dread of injuring it, they returned it to its native element, and thus prevented the scientific identification of an animal, which appears to have very nearly resembled what has been generally regarded as a merely fabulous creation. Length of the animal, three feet—body without scales or hair—silver gray above, whitish below, like the human skin—no gills were observed, no fins on the back or belly—tail like that of a dog-fish—body very thick over the breast—by the eye the girth might be between two and three feet—the neck short, very distinct from the head and shoulders—the body rather depressed—the anterior extremities very like the human hand, about the length of a seal's paw, webbed to about an inch of the ends of the fingers—mammary as large as those of a woman—mouth and lips very distinct, and resembling the human.

Agriculture.—The havoc made by slugs in fruit and vegetable gardens is generally known and lamented, while the best mode of destroying them is generally unknown or neglected. If pounded oyster shells be slightly sprinkled over the beds they infest, and then turned under the surface, the slugs will disappear for several years.

Russian Literature.—A letter dated St. Petersburg, August 8th, states, that Russian literature is at a remarkably low ebb. There is nothing of importance in the press, with the exception of a work from the pen of a Russian named Keramsin; it is a History of Russia, not only from the earliest records but from the most ancient traditions. It is estimated that it will make twelve large octavo volumes, up to the reign of Peter the Great; further than that he will not venture, because facts are not allowed to be mentioned that would cast the slightest odium on the present government. The author has obtained from the Emperor a ukase, to prevent any person reviewing his work. An Englishman, named Baxter, had established a monthly journal, according to the plan of the *Literary Gazette* in London; but in consequence of the curtailment of the Censor, even with respect to scientific intelligence, and compiler's want of taste and talent in selecting, the work was of no value. The newspapers, which consist of a few Russian and a French one, are obliged to content themselves with stating the daily movements of the Emperor, and giving garbled accounts of foreign affairs, as not a single circumstance, even of a domestic nature, is allowed to be made public.

Extraordinary Potato.—A singular specimen of this highly-useful vegetable, was lately dug up in a garden, in the Kent-road. Its circumference, one way, was nearly thirty inches, and another twenty-seven inches; its length, ten inches: it contains nearly two hundred bunches of eyes, was of very curious shape, remarkably clear in the skin, and weighed four pounds eleven ounces. It was considered by the oldest gardeners to be a great curiosity.

A Perpetual Lamp.—The following simple preparation of phosphorus, and which does not include any danger either in the operation or the use, will afford a perpetual lamp of sufficient power to observe the hour on the dial of a watch, or even to read a book. Heat fine olive oil to boiling, and having placed a piece of stick-phosphorus (about the size of a pea) in a clear white glass phial, of long and narrow proportions, pour the heated oil upon it, till the phial be one-third filled; now let the phial be well corked, and when it is to be used, let the cork be withdrawn to admit the external air, and corked again. The empty portion of

the phial will then appear luminous, and afford as much light as an ordinary dull lamp. When the quantity of light becomes considerably reduced, the stopper of the phial must be withdrawn, and it will be instantly reinvigorated.

Properties of Charcoal.—By some recent experiments it appears that charcoal, according to M. Rerhand, a French chemist, possesses the power of counteracting the fatal effects of mineral poisons on the human body. He states, "that at half past seven in the morning, I swallowed, fasting, four grains of arsenic powder, in half a glass of strong mixture of charcoal. At a quarter before eight, I perceived a painful sensation of heat in the stomach, with great thirst. I then drank another glass of the mixture of charcoal: at half-past nine, the oppressive dead pain ceased in the stomach, and was followed by an uneasy sensation in the intestines. Being very thirsty, I drank several cups of an infusion of orange flowers, and at a quarter past ten I was perfectly well; at noon, I dined as usual, without any inconvenience: the same experiment was made with corrosive sublimate, and attended with the same success."

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

Disquisitions on Oriental Literature.

No. III.

What idea can more strongly affect the imagination, than the knowledge that ancient India, now so decidedly inferior to Europe in civilization, should at one time, and that at a very remote era, have been in an equal degree its superior? As the Brahmins alone were in possession of all the information, it is only within the last 50 or 60 years that the mysterious veil, formerly deemed impenetrable, was drawn aside, and the public has been gratified by two publications as singular as they were unexpected. The one is a translation by Mr. Wilkins, of a Maharabat epic poem, in high estimation among the Hindoos, composed, according to their account, by Kreschna Droypayen Veias, the most eminent of all their Brahmins about 3000 years before the Christian era. The other is a dramatic poem, called *Sacontala*, written about a century before Christ. With regard both to the epic and dramatic poetry of the Hindoos, we are obliged to form our opinions merely from a single piece. But if we may venture to give a decision on such slight grounds, we consider the drama to have been conducted with the most correct taste.

Sacontala, the heroine of the piece, a princess of high birth, had been educated by a holy hermit in a hallowed grove; and had passed the early part of her life in rural occupations and pastoral innocence. When she was about to quit this beloved retreat, and repair to the court of a great monarch, to whom she had been betrothed, *Canan* her foster-father, and her companions bewail their own lot, and press their wishes for her happiness in a strain of sentiment and language truly pastoral. Their lamentation was thus:—

"Hear, oh ye trees of this hallowed forest! hear and proclaim that *Sacontala* is going to the palace of her wedded lord. She, who drank not, though thirsty, before you were watered; she, who cropped not, through affection for you, one of your fresh leaves, though she would have been pleased with such an ornament in her beautiful locks; she, whose chief delight was in the season when your branches are spangled with flowers."—[Chorus of wood-nymphs.] "May her way be attended with prosperity! May propitious breezes sprinkle for her delight, the odoriferous dust of luxuriant blossoms! May pools of

clearest water, green with the leaves of the lotos refresh her as she walks; and may shady branches be her defence from the scorching sun-beams!"

Sacontala, just as she was departing from the sacred grove, turns to *Canan*, and the following dialogue ensues:—

Sacontala. Suffer me, venerable father, to address this Madhan creeper, whose red blossoms inflame the grove.

Canan. My child, I knew thy affection for it. *Sacontala.* O most radiant of shining plants! receive my embraces and return them with thy flexible arms. From this day, though removed at a fatal distance, I shall for ever be thine. O beloved father! consider this creeper as myself. (As she advances she again addresses *Canan*.) Father; when yon female antelope, which now moves along onwards with the weight of her young, shall be delivered of them, send me, I pray thee, a kind message with tidings of her safety. Do not forget.

Canan. My beloved! I will not forget it. *Sacontala.* (Stopping) Ah! what is that clings to the skirts of my robe and detains me?

Canan. It is thy adopted child: the little fawn whose mouth, when the sharp points of lusa grass hath wounded, hath been so often smeared by thee with the healing oil of jugudi; who has been so often fed by thee with a handful of Symnaha grains, and now will not leave the footsteps of his protectress.

Sacontala. Why dost thou weep, tender fawn, for me who must leave our common dwelling-place? As thou wast reared by me when thou hadst lost thy mother, who died soon after thy birth, so will my foster-father attend thee, when we are separated, with anxious care. Return, poor thing, return; we must part! (Bursts into tears.)

Canan. Thy tears, my child, ill suit the occasion; we shall all meet again. Be firm. See the direct road before thee, and follow it. When the big tear lurks beneath thy beautiful eye-lashes, let thy resolution check its first efforts to disengage itself. In thy passage over this earth, where the paths are now high, now low, and the true path seldom perspicuous, the traces of thy feet must needs be unequal; but virtue will press thee right onward."

From this specimen of the Indian Drama, every friend of good taste, we should imagine, would be satisfied that it is only among a people of polished manners and delicate sentiments that a composition so simple and correct could be produced or relished. There is but one instance in this drama, of that wild extravagance so frequent in oriental poetry. The monarch, in replacing a bracelet which had dropped from the arm of *Sacontala*, thus addresses her: "Look, my darling, this is the new moon which left the firmament in honour of your superlative beauty, and, having descended on your enchanting wrist, hath joined both its horns round it in the shape of a bracelet." But this is the speech of an enraptured young man to his mistress, and in every age and nation exaggerated praise is expected from the mouths of lovers.

Literary Notice.—The prospectus of a new periodical work, to be published in Philadelphia, and entirely devoted to Literature, has just made its appearance. It will be entitled "The American Monthly Magazine," and contains from 90 to 100 pages each number, at \$8 per annum. Every third number is to be embellished with a plate, and the appearance of the first number is announced for the 1st of January, 1824. The name of the editor is not mentioned in the prospectus, but we understand the work is to be conducted by Dr. Mc HENRY, the well known author of the *Wilderness*, the *Spectre of the Forest*, &c. with whose literary talents the public is already sufficiently acquainted. In order to render it the more diversified, the proprietors have determined on availing themselves of the labours of the literati in general, who may be disposed to favour them with communications, and to whom a remuneration will be given of "two dollars for every printed page of original matter that shall be admitted into their columns."

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 35. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Louisa Rainsforth. The Rivals. The Cricket.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Prater at Vienna.*
THE DRAMA.—*Present state of the French Drama. No. I.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Lucretia Helen Comaro.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Rise and Progress of Chemical Science. No. III. Circulation of Air in Rooms. Change of the Seat of Cold during Frost. Absorption of Quicksilver by Plants. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Poems by James G. Percival. Poetry.—Meditations; by "Miranda." The Kissing Elms; by "Ario." To Marcella; by "Frances Wright;" with other pieces.*

GLENNER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall be pleased if "F" continues his communications; but better pleased if he could favour us with the loan of "the book" he mentions.—In our hands it would be safe, while we could relieve him of the labour of copying.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!

Durand & Wright of this city have just published a beautiful specimen of a plate for bank notes, which promises to be a certain preventive against that species of forgery which consists in the alteration of bills from a smaller to a larger denomination.

A young woman in New Hampshire, has manufactured several pillow cases without a seam at the sides or bottom. The invention is said to be her own, and that she weaves the cases herself on a common loom.

The Steubenville (Ohio) Factory, established for the purpose of manufacturing woollen goods, has recently commenced the manufacture of carpeting, and it is said that the fabrics produced are as handsome as the Scotch or Venetian, and superior to the English carpeting.

Frost appeared this season nearly one month earlier than usual. The autumn months, presenting but a few days that might be called an "Indian summer," have been uncommonly cold and uncomfortable; and now the ground is frozen nearly as hard as is common at Christmas.

The new novel from the pen of Dr. Greenfield is entitled, "St. Ronan's Well."

Proposals have been issued for publishing a new periodical work in Boston, entitled, "The Monthly Literary Register."

Benjamin Jourdan, of Putnam county, Geo. has recently invented an instrument for taking the Sun's meridian altitude, for accuracy and simplicity, perhaps, superior to any thing of the kind in use. Its great accuracy has been ascertained in measuring the sun.

A new Steam-boat has been constructed at Montreal of 100 horse-power, which, on her first trip, went 45 miles in four hours and 20 minutes. The expense of the machinery was \$500 less than boats formerly built of only half the power.

MARRIED.

Mr. Joseph Hudson to Miss Ellen C. Tooker Lavery.

Mr. David Baldwin to Miss Susan Deklyn.

Mr. Joseph Sands to Miss Maria Hill.

Mr. J. W. Gaillard to Miss Adela De Seze.

Mr. Jefferson Borrian to Miss Hetty Anderson.

Mr. John Andaries, Jun. to Miss Elizabeth Odell.

Mr. Thomas Macphail Varian to Miss Elizabeth Bolander.

Mr. John Adams to Mrs. Rebecca Adams.

Mr. Wm. Whitely to Miss Ann W. Moore.

Mr. Robert Fuller to Miss Ann Mattocks.

Mr. Samuel Hayward to Miss Emma Jeffery.

DIED.

Mr. Thomas Forbes, aged 23 years.

Mrs. Alice Shippey, aged 48 years.

Mrs. Kenny.

Mr. Abraham Van Ranst, aged 27 years.

Mrs. Margaret Leonard, aged 68 years.

Mrs. Eliza Corbet, aged 35 years.

Mrs. Martha Frances Vose, aged 72 years.

Mrs. Margaret Cary, aged 55 years.

Mr. Peter Beckman, aged 26 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

On the Death of Miss Ann Belina Chamberlain of the Park Theatre.

'Tis sweet at morn to see the fragrant rose
Open its leaves to the admiring eye;
But ere the noon-tide sun its charms disclose,
'Tis hard to see it wither, fade and die.

She was a flower—On her the morning sun
Shone, with a bright, with a resplendent ray,
But ah! scarce twenty years their course had run,
When she was call'd to mingle with the clay.

The rose did bloom upon her youthful cheek,
The lily too display'd its sweetness there;
But Death, insatiate Death, revenge did seek,
And from a mother snatch'd her darling care.

Far from her native land where life's bright morn
Was by the rays of virtue's sun illum'd;
Far from Britannia's isle where she was born,
Her once fair form in silence lies entomb'd.

Though far away from those she lov'd most dear,
She every virtue in her life adorn'd,
Affection's tears bedew'd her funeral bier,
"By strangers honour'd and by strangers mourn'd."

A mother, (oh what an endearing name!)
A mother saw her gradual decline;
She saw disease wasting the mortal frame,
To heaven she did her much-lov'd child resign.

With aching heart and with a tearful eye
She watch'd her agonized faltering breath,
Heard the last groan and the convulsive sigh,
And saw her in the icy arms of death.

The flower is dead; but it shall bloom again,
Where it will never wither nor decay,
For ever bloom on Canaan's verdant plain,
Warm'd by the sunshine of an endless day.

For the Minerva.

Written in a romantic glen on the Coast of Ayrshire.

BY FRANCES WRIGHT.

Again I climb the heather'd steep,
Again I seek the hidden glade,
And up the ravine, dark and deep,
With eager feet have stray'd:

And now upon the rocks am laid,
Beneath the shaggy hanging wood
That canopies the mountain flood.

Sweet glade! the skies do smile on thee;
Each coming spring renews thy glee,
In all the life of infancy;
And still afresh, thy year is run,
As though creation but begun.

Alas, for man! one course hath be—
One course to age from infancy!
When spring's first bloom hath pass'd away,
And summer's prime, and autumn's wane,
Chill winter's night shuts in his day,
Which no new sun shall ope again!

Sweet glade! I well might envy thee,
Poor offspring of mortality!
In youth's first prime I sport me now,
Hope gifts me with my heart's desire,
My eye is bright with Fancy's fire,
My cheek is flush'd with fancy's glow.

A few short years—what then shall be?
Where hope, where fancy, youth and glee?
When age hath furrow'd o'er my cheek,
And stole away youth's vermilion streak,
When lustre from my eye is flown,
And o'er the waving locks of brown,
Winter the snow of years hath thrown,
No freshening hues my cheeks shall know,
My eye, no fancy kindling glow,
No gloss the ringlets of my brow—
Alas! when man's first summer's o'er,
Youth, life, are gone to come no more!

DREAMS.

I dreamt that at eve a white mist arose,
Where the hedge-row brambles twist;
I thought that my love was a sweet wild rose,
And I, the silvery mist.

Now sweetly I beaded her pale red charms,
With many a diamond speck;
How softly I bent up my watery arms,
And clung round her beautiful neck!

Oh me! what a heavenly birth!
I revelled all night,
Till the morn came bright,
Then sunk at her feet down again in the earth.

I dreamt that my love was that wild rose tree,
All covered with purple bloom;
And I, methought, was an amorous bee,
That loved the rich perfume.

Large draughts of nectar I sat to sip
In a bud that hung below!
And I breathed her breath, and I kissed her lip
And her bosom—as chaste as snow.

Oh me! what a heavenly task!
For there I lay,
Till eve grew gay,
While she in the sun's bright beams did bask.

Again—I was where the pale moon did line
The forest with silver light;
And I thought my love was a wild woodbine,
And I, a zephyr bright.

"Welcome," said I, "where the bramble weaves
Around us a guard of thorns."
And sweetly I tangled myself in her leaves,
And blew on her red-streaked horns:

To the music of which we led
A gay dance about
Till old Night came out,
To rock us to sleep in his dusky bed.

Translation of the ninth Ode of Anacreon.

THE DOVE.

Whither, lovely carrier say,
Whither fly so swift away?
Tell, to whom thy downy plumes,
Waft so exquisite perfume?

Do thy chymic wings prepare
Sweets that fill the ambient air?
Pert inquirer (coos the Dove),
Bearer of Anacreon's love,

I my master's am'rous lay
To Bathyllos loved convey;
Bathyllos whose unrivalled charms,
Fill each maid with love's alarms.

Venus for the Poet's lays,
(In the beauteous goddess' praise)
Scarcely plumed, her willing bird,
On Anacreon conferr'd;

Happy as Anacreon's slave,
I no proffer'd freedom crave;
Better far for me to share,
Kind Anacreon's pleasing care;

In secure and peaceful home,
Than abroad for food to roam:
Sweeter to sink to soft repose,
'Midst the fragrance of the rose;

Than on homely berries fed,
In wild woods to make my bed:
As Anacreon's envoy, I
Feel no want of liberty:

Of rich Cretan wines I sip,
From my master's honied lip;
Or while at his board I stand,
Feed delighted from his hand,

And upon his throbbing breast,
Sink 'midst softest sounds to rest;
But no longer let me prate,
Of my happy envied state,

Lest my friend you laughing say
I'm become a chattering jay.

THE CAVE.—A BALLAD.

Within a cave, by nature wrought
From out the solid rock,
From sudden storm, I shelter sought,
And screen'd me from its shock.

The lightning flash'd, the thunder roar'd,
The heavens seem'd all on fire;
The rain in furious torrents pour'd,
The wind kept swelling higher.

Then, as I gaz'd upon the storm
I heard some voices near,
And soon I saw a shadowy form
Within the cave appear.

I couch'd beneath a rocky screen,
My breath with fear I drew;
When dim and indistinctly seen,
Two figures met my view.

They struck a light, and plac'd their torch
Not far from where I stood,
And spoke within that rocky porch,
Of plunder and of blood.

The quivering blaze across the cave
A ruddy glare faint threw,
Whose partial light, contrasted, gave
The darkness deeper hue.

LIKE A RAY OF THE MOON.

Like a ray of the moon is my love
And serene as its beam is her breast;
She's as pure as the spirits above,
That dwell in the realms of the blest!

As bright as the stars are her eyes,
Her breath is as soft and as sweet
As the scent of the rose, as it flies
The sportive young zephyr to meet.

Her soul is as pure as the dew,
That drops on the pale lily's bud,
And her sense is to virtue as true
As the fishes are true to the flood.

To Hymen's blest altar I soon
Shall his with this beauty so bright,—
I'll be constant as night to the moon,
And she as the moon to the night.

Through the stillness of joy will we rove,
By the light which affection shall shed,
Till, bound by the firm bonds of Love,
We fly to the realms of the dead.

On one breeze shall our spirits then soar,
By one seraph be wafted to heav'n,
And one angel shed purity o'er
Our souls, as our sins are forgiven.

BALLAD.

By John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant.

Where the dark ivy the thorn-tree is mounting,
Sweet shielding in summer the nest of the dove,
There lies the sweet spot, by the side of the fountain,
That's dear to all sweetness that dwells upon love;

For there settling sun-beams, ere even's clouds close 'em,
Once stretch'd a long shadow of one I adore;
And there did I meet the sweet sighs of the bosom
Of one ever dear, though I meet her no more.

And who with a soul, and a share of warm feeling,
And who with a heart, that owns love for the fair,
Can pass by the spot where his first look was stealing,
Or first fondness ventur'd love-rites to declare?

Ah, who can pass by it, and notice it never?
Can long days forget on first fondness to call?
Sure time kindles love to burn brighter than ever,
And nature's first choice must be sweetest of all.

I prove it, sweet Mary, I prove it too truly!
That fountain, once sweeten'd with presence of thee,
As oft as I pass it at eve, and as duly
As May brings the time round, I think upon thee:

I go and I sit on the soft bed of rushes,
As high as remembrance the spot can decide;
There lonely I whisper, in sorrow's warm rushes,
That bliss when my Mary was plac'd by my side.

It grieves me to see the first open May blossom;
For, Mary, if still 'tis remember'd by thee,
'Twas just then thou wilt'd one to place in thy bosom,
When scarce a peep show'd itself open to me.

Each May with a tear that I flower and I parted,
As near that lov'd spot first peep on the bower;
'I've no cause to pluck thee," I sigh broken-hearted,
"There's no Mary nigh to be pleas'd with the flower."

Epigram.

Patience under Affliction.

My sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Of tells me,—Billy, I shall die:
I grieve'd, but recollected straight,
'Tis bootless—to contend with fate:

So resignation to heaven's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill;
'Twas well it did, for, on my life,
'Twas Heaven's will—to spare my wife.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles &c. in No. 33.

PUZZLE I.—Because it is a lyre.
PUZZLE II.—Because she is a lone.
PUZZLE III.—Because they communicate their information to the town, as soon as they are told.
PUZZLE IV.—It is composed of flours (flowers).
PUZZLE V.—It protects from the sun (son.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
Why are hands without thumbs like hands
with only the index fingers?

II.
If Titian the painter had had a fat daughter
named Mary, why would she have resembled
William Pitt?

III.
Why is a tallow-chandler like Athens?

IV.
Why are darned stockings like dead men?

CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 1758 The Empress of Russia made war on the Turks, in order to obtain the navigation of the Black Sea.
- Suwarrow took Ochakov and Ismael, and put 30,000 of the inhabitants to the sword.
- England armed against Russia, but failing to intimidate the Empress, went no further.
- King George III. was this year afflicted with a severe malady, and rendered incapable of attending to public business.
- Great debates in parliament concerning the person and power of regent.
- 1789 Opening of the States General in France. They took the name of national assembly.
- The Bastille stormed by the populace of Paris.
- Louis, with the Queen and family were violently conducted to Paris, whither they were followed by the Assembly.
- King George recovered to the unspeakable joy of all his subjects.
- 1790 Titles, &c. of the nobility abolished by the National Assembly in France.
- Confederation of the French at the Champ de Mars in Paris.
- Death of the Emperor Joseph II. who is succeeded by his brother Leopold.
- 1791 The King and Queen of France made their escape from Paris, but were stopped and brought back, and accept of the new constitution.
- Lord Cornwallis reduced Tippoo Sah to accept peace on the terms offered him, and to give his two sons as hostages.
- 1792 France invaded by the allied army, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, who was forced to retreat.
- France declared war against Germany.
- Louis with his Queen took refuge in the Assembly, where the King was suspended from his office, and committed prisoner to the Temple.
- La Fayette emigrated.
- Atrocious massacres at Paris of the clergy and other prisoners.
- France declared a republic.
- Dumourier invades the Netherlands, and defeated the Austrians at Jemappes.
- Savoy annexed to France.
- Washington a second time chosen President of the United States.
- Insurrection in Pennsylvania quelled by the prudence of Washington.
- Death of the Emperor Leopold II. who is succeeded by his son Francis II.
- Gustavus III. King of Sweden, assassinated by Ankerstroem.
- 1793 Louis XVI. having been tried and condemned by the Convention, was publicly beheaded at Paris.
- War was declared by the French Republic against the King of Great Britain and the Stadtholder of Holland.
- The British troops under the Duke of York joining the Austrians, defeated the French generals Valence, Miranda, and Dumourier; they then took Valenciennes and Condé; made an unsuccessful attempt on Dunkirk, and retired with great loss.
- The English, Spanish and Neapolitan troops took possession of Toulon, in the name of Louis XVII; but the Republicans soon expelled them.
- In Scotland several persons were tried and condemned for Jacobin principles, subversive of the Constitution; while the English juries acquitted those of the democratic faction.
- 1794 Victory of Lord Howe over the French fleet near Brest.
- The English took Martinico, St. Lucie, and Guadaloupe, in the West; Pondicherry, Chandernagor, and Mahé, in the East; and Corsica in the Mediterranean.
- The French overrun Holland; the Stadtholder took refuge in England.
- Poland was entirely divided among the Prussians, Russians, and Austrians.
- Treaty of amity and commerce concluded between Britain and North America.
- Embassy of the Earl Macartney to China, which produced nothing but mutual civilities.
- 1795 Victory of Lord Bridport over the French off L'Orient.
- Marriage of the Prince of Wales with Princess Caroline of Brunswick.
- Disturbances occasioned by the disaffected democrats in Britain. His Majesty was insulted going to Parliament.
- 1796 Unfortunate expedition at Quiberon, where the English were beaten, and the French Royalists suffered severely.
- The Cape of Good Hope and Ceylon taken from the Dutch by the British.
- Prussia withdrew from the confederacy, and made peace with France. Spain was obliged soon to follow her example.

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